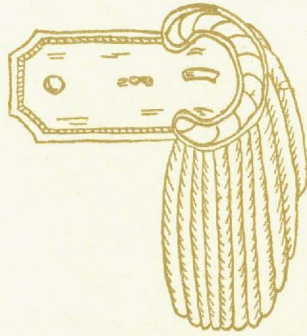
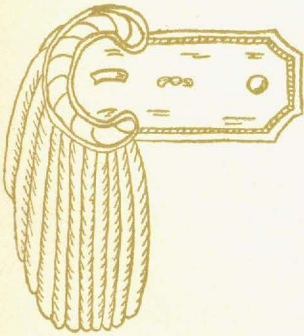


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



The EPAULET

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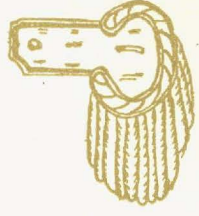
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Plea

By

JUNE BROADDUS TREVETT

They say that we are young.

And yet, how wise we've grown these recent years;
How used we are to battle songs,
To death and heartbreak, and to tears.
While they bicker daily in the senate halls,
Trodding upon that peace of which they sing.
They say that we should "keep our heads
And not rush madly into things."

They say that we are young.

Perhaps, in years 'tis true.
But we are full aware of all life's cares,
For we have seen a gory rendezvous.
With God's help, we could face the storm anew,
If they would but let us join hands;
For we are strong—we have great faith—
We know a love that understands.



Do Your Share

COLLEGE ROAD! To the eager, enthusiastic Freshmen the sign points to a smooth highway of thrilling new experiences, new friends and happy motoring. To the travel-worn Senior the signpost points backward to a long stretch of happiness sprinkled with occasional detours, ruts, narrow bridges, flat tires, and motor trouble.

On the journey there have been many unexpected pleasures and a few unexpected disappointments. But the Senior, who has traveled that road, feels infinitely older and wiser as a result of both the good and the bad. The Senior, at the end of the journey, would like to give the Freshman, about to begin, a road map to point out the interesting highlights, the particularly beautiful places to be seen, as well as the ruts and danger zones to be avoided. The Senior would like to warn the Freshman of the superficial billboards along the way that may divert attention from the really worthwhile projects, the deceiving billboards that sometimes blind the traveler to the helpful guideposts beside the highway.

The Senior would like to explain that the road is either damaged or improved by every traveler, that its usefulness is either strengthened or impaired, that its beauty is either enhanced or destroyed. And the Senior would like to

add that the journey is made only once. There is no round-trip ticket.

With gratefulness and love in her voice the Senior would like to tell the Freshman how very much the journey has meant, how wonderful it has been, how much a part of her it has become. She should like to tell the Freshman to put her whole heart, all her best efforts in that journey—to help, to support, to improve, to beautify, so that at the end of the road she might not feel regret for past failures and mistakes of uselessness and indifference.

The Senior would like to—but she knows she cannot and must not. Part of the value of the journey, she knows, lies in the experience of making one's own decisions and choices and of learning from one's own mistakes. Besides, the Freshman is too joyous and too much excited to listen. And so the Senior turns away and looks forward to another road in life where she can learn and experience a little more of joyful living. The other road looks bright, and smooth with new experiences, new friends, and happy motoring. The Seniors are eager and enthusiastic, too much excited to hear that voice that calls to her from the end of her road.

One of these helpful guide posts beside the College highway is THE EPAULET. It is your magazine, Mary Washington. It gives everyone of you

an equal opportunity to express your thoughts. It is produced, edited, and financed by the students themselves.

We of the staff have many hopes and aspirations for the future of this magazine. However, the attainment of these desired goals depend not only upon us, but upon each and every student. It is a pleasure to look back on what has been accomplished, but what about the future?

Support THE EPAULET in every way possible. Have you given your subscription? When the magazine was launched, you promised and gave 100 per cent cooperation to it. Have you continued to do so? We want to march toward the new and challenging goal—an ever greater magazine, and this cannot be done without the support of every one of you.

VIRGINIA URBIN *and*
ALBERTINA CHRISTIAN.

The Symbol

By

JUNE KRATOCHVIL

You looked at me—spoke not a word;
And yet, I call you friend, I find
I call you friend—an unknown one:
Because your eyes are kind.

Two Profiles

By

LEE HALL

SHE folded the letter for the twelfth time, took off her glasses and ran her knotty hands through her gray hair. Two tears splashed into her tea, so she set the cup on the table, then sniffed and shook her head. People mustn't know that Mrs. Bowen made a fool of herself over Renny. But how could she show this last letter to George? He had fumed and stormed and sulked for a week when the first letter had come. . . .

"It's for my country, in a large measure . . . but it's also to prove to you that you haven't wasted your time in bringing me up. I hope I can make you proud of me, as you would be of your own son if he could do the same. Love, Renny."

Renny—adopted at four, lovable, quiet, misunderstood by everyone except George and Robert and her. What if it had been Robert, her own son, who had run away and joined the army? But Robert wouldn't go; those weak eyes of his would keep him at home. Renny could always see better than Robert, even though Robert's eyes were more handsome. That was the reason that Renny was always ahead of Robert in school, too. It certainly couldn't have been that Renny was more brilliant, although he was a good-natured little thing.

Even when they told him that he wasn't really their child, he didn't seem

to mind too much. His large brown eyes had become a little larger and he had said, "You aren't my Mother and Father?"

"No."

"But you're pretending that you are?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess that's not so bad." Renny looked at Robert. "I guess Robert is just pretending to be my brother, too." Whereupon Robert began to cry, and Renny handed him a handkerchief.

Mrs. Bowen rubbed her forehead. Those two loved each other—Renny and Robert. They'd never "fussed" like most children; it was "give and take." Of course, Robert usually did the "giving" and Renny the "taking," but there had been understanding. Renny had been understanding all the way around. He could see that there wasn't enough money for both of them to go to college: that Robert, of course, would be the one. George wanted to send him to business school, but Renny insisted on getting a job. Renny had been proud of that job . . . proud of being able to work and of being able to send Robert "pin money." He wasn't jealous of Robert at all, but delighted that Robert could go to school. George was happy about it, too. Then came that awful day when Robert came home unannounced and told the family that he had been expelled.

Mrs. Bowen recalled that scene too

plainly—her husband's wrath; her own weeping; Robert's sullen refusal to explain the situation; and then, Renny's upholding him—making them all see things more clearly, sensibly, simply by planning for them in that logical, firm way of his. . . .

Mrs. Bowen sighed, arose, and sat down at the piano. She told herself that she was lucky to have her son and husband with her. But she missed Renny. She wanted to have him here playing the piano for her, as he had done since he was ten—scales, exercises, and the Brahms, Beethoven, Debussy. She began playing "Reverie," realized it was Renny's favorite, and struck a dissonance.

"Why couldn't Renny have kept his job," she thought. He could have done anything with it. Better than Robert can ever do. Robert is lazy; that's his trouble. Might as well admit it—lazy and thoughtless. But he's my own son."

Mrs. Bowen walked nervously about

the room, stopping before the mantel upon which were two pictures—one of Renny and one of Robert. She stared at Robert's—the reckless smile, pale eyes, light hair, shapely mouth.

"Better looking than Renny, but spoiled, too—spoiled rotten!"

She stared at Renny then—sober, square-faced Renny, eyes too large for his head, slightly crooked nose, and tight, firm jaws.

Mrs. Bowen sighed, "What is there about you, you young thing!" She admitted it now. "You have something Robert doesn't have. It's, well, character, I guess. Whatever it is, I want it back—I want you back; even more than I want to keep Robert; I want you!"

She paused for a moment, then breathed phrases of that letter, ". . . your ward, Renny Jamison . . . while bravely defending the honor of his country . . . killed in action . . ."

The Aim

By

JUNE KRATOCHVIL

The archer takes his aim, and then

A shot is heard. I start.

The arrow is a stinging word.

Its target is my heart.

Empty Return

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

Who knows but some day I may walk again
The streets of my childhood, my long past youth,
And view with olden eyes remembered haunts,
How they have changed, and how they have remained—
The candy store, the old, gray shack, the hill.
And as I greet these relics of the past
To each one saying in a voice so low,
“Remember me? I once was part of you,
Just like these other children now I find
Begot of a mother to me unknown
Who quite usurp the place that I once held.”
A tear will drop, perhaps, not one but two,
As memories surge strong against that wall
Of granite hard built to stem back the tide,
For recollections oftimes pierce the heart
And cause the soul in anguish cry, “Surcease!”
With ear attuned for voices long made mute,
With lowered head through shadowed streets I’ll pass,
An exile come back alone and lonely,
No friendly ghost to clasp his out-stretched hand,
No sign of welcome to greet his wearied sight.
Thus do I muse when strong, intense desire
Bids me return to scenes of yesteryears,
Of bygone days, of gay and happy youth.
But, if in answer I make way to rise,
I feel the shackles of a deadly fear
Bear down upon this mortal flesh so weak
And pitiless force back my eager steps.
Then do I know the sting of rank despair,
The agony that fills this aching heart
That rather would in yearning waste away
Than hazard the risk of an empty return.

Dreams

By

KATHRYN J. TEAGUE

THE big clock in Virginia Hall dormitory ticked away the minutes like the beat of a drum. Donned in robe and blanket, a girl sat on the cold tile floor of the pressing room, looking dreamily at her chemistry notes. "How absurd," she thought, "to study for a test at five o'clock in the morning. I guess I deserve it, though. Still that trip to V. P. I. was worth it, even if I do flunk. Oh, me! How can I keep my eyes open?"

Betty didn't. Thoughts of that weekend drove out her good intentions. She trudged to bed to join the two hundred other girls who were sleeping peacefully in the stillness of the "dorm."

The clang of the maid's bell came too soon. This was just the first step in waking these sleeping beauties. The

hands on the hall clock stopped at seven o'clock, long enough for its bell to ring out as a second warning to those with 8:30 classes . . . what horror!

Betty inevitably aroused at this point, and made a quick decision to turn back over, cut breakfast, and finished that dream of "Prince Charming on a white horse." The alarm interceded at this point. Betty was so startled by this near and sudden noise that her Prince nearly fell off his horse.

With one last contented sigh, she pushed back the blankets and lazily climbed out of bed; and with eyes half open she reached in the closet clutching the first skirt she felt.

So goes the life of a college girl still full of adolescent dreams, but with little time to dream.

Upon Reflection

By

JUNE KRATOCHVIL

How many people look at you,
Perhaps to scoff, perhaps to sigh.
Or shrug their shoulders in disgust
And say, "Can that be I?"

Reluctantly we pierce disguise;
We grasp it. Truth must fight to win.
I wonder . . . what would humans do
If mirrors looked within?

Storm At Night

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

On they came—the clouds,
And suddenly, rain—
The unburdening release
Of tears—obliterating pain.

How sad the stars
To let fall such a flow!
Yet have we all not known
A grief even as they now know?



Gratitude

By

JOE WALKER MAGEE

For four years spent amidst beauty and peace,
For years spent in the presence of fine things—of music, of books,
of art;
For years spent in making friends—in working with each other to
make of life something beautiful;
For years spent in living close to the trees, the skies, and the stars;
For years filled with the teachings of great minds, and fellowship
with great souls;
For years transcended by the love and goodness of a Heavenly
Father—

I am grateful, Lord!

En Garde

By

SALLIE ROLLER

Outpost, they call it.
Heaven knows it's out far enough.
Suppose I should feel all alone in the world
And heroic. Suppose I should
Crouch in my foxhole
Alert for the snapping of branches,
But it's really much easier to relax
On this moss, and wait till the fellows get back.
Drat these dad-blasted mosquitoes—
Worse than the beach in the summer.
And me with no blonde compensation
For watching the moon in the darkness.
Saturday night, too.
Clean, crisp sheets for my sturdy old bed.
But Mom put them on for the boarder.
I'll be lucky if they bring me some water
And food. Gosh! what I wouldn't give for a malted?
Might as well wish for a moonbeam
Or for my shiny red roadster.
Good Heavens—I'm positively morbid.
Heck, a midfield seat in the stadium,
Or a perch in the leftfield bleachers
With hot dogs and yelling and sweating
Would make up for a lot of globe-trotting.
If they don't have those things when we're back there,
Guess there wasn't much need of our coming.
I wish he had said, "Wait at ease——"
I could use, sure use a couple of winks.
I guess I'll count the tree trunks for diversion.
I must keep my eyes open.

The Time Between

By

PATRICIA LEE CULLINS

TARU YOMISHOTO, Japanese aviator, sat up groggily, feeling as though his head were filling the whole universe. He opened his slant eyes and looked around, his emotionless face slowly breaking into lines of bewilderment. Where was he now? He appeared to be sitting in a sort of rocky depression, with queerly familiar plants around. And what was that far-away, vacuum-like stillness which sounded almost like a roar because of its very quietness? Dizzily, Taru rubbed his forehead. Everything seemed mixed up and he couldn't remember very well. Flashes of days past kept going around in his mind—his childhood spent on the coast of the Sea of Japan, gathering seaweed for his ancient father to make into different medicines—the hot, impetuous friends of his who inducted him into secret meetings where they discussed Japan's New Order and drank wine like their elders did—his intense feeling of patriotism when that admiral had given him his secret orders to bomb the weak, cowardly American fools who were so proud and haughty at Oahu that early morning. Taru's whole person throbbed, but his brain was gradually clearing. Those plants weaving back and forth all around made him so dizzy that he could feel the nausea rising within his body. Why did they strike such a responsive chord in his mind? Suddenly, Taru remem-

bered something! "Wasn't this still the day of December 7th?" Why, only a few hours ago he had taken off in his airplane in the somber early dawn from the decks of the "Koto," one of his country's carriers. He saw again the approach to the peaceful island, bathed in the foolish security of the words which flowed gracefully from the mouths of the two diplomats in Washington. He felt once more that his hatred of the white race who had always acted so superior when he had journeyed into the city of Tokio.

His aching body thrilled with the memory of his Taru Yomishoto's brave and courageous dive on the helpless battleship stationed at the outside of Pearl Harbor. But then he felt sick again. Hadn't something gone wrong at the last instant? Had the dogs actually hit him with an anti-aircraft shell? Taru realized that he must have been shot down. With mounting fear he looked around. He was now supposed to be equal, went down on his knees, in an obedient bow to a master. In one horror-stricken moment he realized where he was. Those plants—now he knew why they had looked so familiar. They were common seaweeds, and he was——.

With a numb look, he slowly raised his head, with such a ghastly fear in his heart that he was unable to say a

word. A voice of thunder brought him partially to his senses.

"Taru Yomishoto, yellow dog of a spineless race, you have met your end,"

and Taru Yomoshoto uttered one gurgling, agonizing choke before he was pierced through by the trident of Davy Jones.

Subways

By

ROSEMARY FAIRBANK

I know a secret place,
 A place of dirt and grime,
 A place of blending light,
 Of dark, of speed,
 Of endless time.

A place where frightened people go
 To hide them from the day.
 A place that is afar below
 The streets, the town,
 A place where they can "get away."

Of course, there're other people there,
 A surging crowd that comes and goes,
 That hurries madly on through life,
 To home, to work,
 And where else, heaven knows!

But I'm a frightened person,
 Who shuns the sun and rain.
 I go into the secret place to learn
 And to forget
 Aboard a subway train.

Week-Ends! Wow!

By

KATHRYN J. TEAGUE

HARD work is the keynote of Mary Washington girls—between week-ends. This is, of course, prior to Thursday noon, the most popular time to call it a week and trudge off to V. P. I., Annapolis, Richmond, Washington, or home. Apologies to other places of interest where the minority prevails.

Until the army took over that familiar town of Blacksburg it was easy to know when a big week-end at Virginia Tech was here. Our campus was even more void of students than on regular week-ends. Five o'clock in the morning finds the "dorms" humming with activity, taxis rushing up the hill, and bags being carried down the dark corridors, forcing the occupants of all "dorms" to resign themselves to two hours less sleep for that night.

Comments of "Where on earth are all these pretty girls going?" echoing from every car of the streamliner, which at every stop piled on more Tech-bound girls. The fatal hour of three found dressing rooms crowded, and last-minute cries, "Is my hat on straight; do I look all right; I'm simply scared to death." A sudden slowing down of speed, the conductor's cry, "Christiansburg, next stop," and one last resounding moan as the girls grab frantically for their bags. Trying to accomplish the almost impossible feat of getting off the train gracefully, suddenly you were confronted with a mass

of blue. Just the sight of those familiar senior capes and the underclassmen's gold buttons made you know that the week-end would be a perfect one, as only Tech can provide.

And now, donning our best walking shoes we start Annapolis way. (Please pardon me while I give my roommate some smelling salts at the mere thought of the word.)

Crowded buses, congested Washington, and those familiar streets lead us to the grimy bus station and our destination. Always a little confused by navy uniforms, we found ourselves trying to pick out that familiar face from the mass in navy blue before us. Having done so, we flash our best smile and excitedly breathe—despite our attempts to be casual—"Gee! it's great to see you." No more than that, for we were students of the *Drag's Handbook*. We knew only too well that it says, "Midshipmen aren't permitted to display affection in public." And as much as we would have liked to, who are we to break a Navy tradition?

The Academy town is filled with traditions, and we love it—every bit of it; everything from the cobblestone streets to the formality of the "hop," and the dignity of the chapel.

Prom-trotter that she may be, no girl can witness a chapel formation without a lump in her throat and a few unshed tears behind her eyes.

Naval Academy week-ends, as the Navy itself, can't be beaten—to say more would be useless.

Before closing this discussion, it would be only fair to mention other favorite colleges. The informality of the small campus of Randolph-Macon College beckons many of the Mary Washington girls, and the University of Virginia fraternity men and their chaperones often entertain groups of them.

Besides colleges the suburbs of Fredericksburg—Richmond and Washington—claim great numbers of our girls each week-end. It would be impossible to go into the various reasons as to what takes them there. Shipping, that long-awaited furlough, the University of Richmond, Georgetown, or simply the desire to get away from it all. These would rank first in importance.

So we spend our week-ends when away. Then there are the unmentionables, those week-ends that we have no

cuts, or no money, or no invitation, or all three. It's not that we don't love our campus; it's just that we appreciate it more during the week. However, the bad only makes the good better. And few Mary Washington girls there are who do not have at least one big week-end to look forward to or back upon.

All in all, a Friday night playing bridge, a Saturday night dancing to the music of Mary Washington's dance band, and a Sunday afternoon working in the library on that term paper may be more beneficial; but believe me, it isn't half as good on the morale of all concerned.

Memories of Mary Washington will be memories of all these things. For though we are an educated lot, we have, after all, only one great purpose in our lives. It's hard on the nerves and health, but statistics prove that a Mary Washington girl, like the mounted police, "always gets her man."



Wartime Spring

By

JANE AVERY

My dearest son, it is Spring today!
A robin sings beneath my window.
As I write, he flies away
And swoops down upon the cinders.

My first jonquil shows its yellow face,
The crocuses drink in the sunshine;
Here in Maplewood, it's a lovely place,
The world seems good and fine.

As I watch the new green grass,
I can't quite realize
That you watch for shining steel and poison gas,
And do things you despise.

My darling son, every moment of this day,
No matter what I do,
I'll know just why you went away—
Spring means so much to you!

Two Letters

By

ROSEMARY FAIRBANK

MONDAY EVENING.

MY DEAR AUNT SARA:

Mary and I arrived home safely after a rather rough trip back. The roads were muddy from Saturday's rain and the horses were frisky so that our stage bounced and jostled us severely. We were forced to spend Sunday night in an old tavern when the axle broke late Sunday afternoon. Tom, trusty driver that he is, would not allow us to go on until it was properly mended. The tavern was dusty and rustic, but quite nice. Mary and I felt indeed like women of the world, hiring a room for two and ordering dinner in front of a roaring fireplace. And guess what, Aunt Sara, we each ordered a glass of ale. Isn't that frightful? But after all, I am eighteen, and I have had wine and cordials. We were so curious to find out just how ale tasted. Just between you and me, I don't like it, but Mary does.

The night passed without mishap, and we left next morning, the innkeeper waving us off with a jolly smile. Tom drove slowly on the mended axle, therefore we didn't arrive until late this evening.

Mother met us in the village. She asked Tom to drive the buggy home and rode back in the stage with us. Mary drove the horses. It is one of her favorite pastimes.

Thank you so much for letting us

spend the night with you. The trip from Grandma's is so very long and the stop at your house was a pleasant break. We enjoyed it so much. I shall write you next week when I can hold my eyes open. As you can guess we are both very tired.

The post leaves early tomorrow. Tom will take this down.

Your devoted niece,

JULIA.

P. S.—Mary is writing you a lovely long letter. She must have exciting news, but I'm too sleepy to remember anything else.

* * * *

MONDAY NIGHT.

AUNT SARA, DEAR:

We had such a lovely adventure coming home! Blacky, our lead horse, bounced off the road and broke the axle on the stagecoach. Smart horse that Blacky is, he wrecked us right in front of a jolly inn. Tom wouldn't let me help with the horses, so we went into the inn and ordered a room, that is, Julia ordered a room; I am no good at that sort of thing. We had dinner in front of a fire, and all sorts of queer people came in for drinks and talk. The tavernkeeper was a jolly fat man, and he told us all the local gossip. And he offered us two glasses of ale "on the house," which means we didn't have to pay for it. Julia drank only half of

hers, but I drank all mine and liked it rather well. I'm afraid, Aunt Sara, that you have a wild niece on your hands.

Now, I'm going to tell you a secret, Aunt Sara, because you are my very favorite aunt. No one knows yet, not even Julia or Mother. But——

We went to bed early and Julia soon fell asleep. The moon was shining so lovely and full that I could not lie still so I finally got up and dressed quietly and climbed out of the window. We were only on the first floor, you see. I had intended merely to take a walk in the moonlight, but I heard Blacky whinnying in the stable and decided to go to see the horses. I love horses so, and I couldn't resist the thought of a midnight visit to the stables. There was a light burning, and Tom was currying Blacky. He wanted to know why I was up so late, and when I told him I could not sleep, he suggested an enchanting idea. A moonlight gallop. Imagine, Aunt Sara, a moonlight gallop! For one wild moment I thought of all the things Mother would say

and how unladylike it would be for me to borrow a pair of Tom's pants and ride astride, but I threw caution to the winds and told Tom that I was ready to go.

What a wonderful ride we had! Tom rode Blacky, and I rode Salt'n Pepper! Tom is an excellent rider, and I had never seen him in such a hilarious mood. We rode over the fields so swiftly that the wind whipped our shouting back against our own ears. Tom laughed when my hair became unbraided and flew around me like Medusa's snakes. I was so tired and cold and happy when we got back that I fell off of Salt'n Pepper right into Tom's arms, and oh! Aunt Sara, what do you think happened? Tom kissed me! Of course, I ran as soon as I could climb back in the window and into bed, but not to sleep. Aunt Sara, what shall I do?

Tom was his usual self this morning in front of Julia, but oh! the twinkle in his eye! And I have the extra pair of his pants in my valise!

My love,

MARY.



Killed in Action

By

ANITA SPIVEY

A sky whose blue is smeared with white,
Though only just a fraction;
This he'll never see again,
For he was killed in action.

The wind-blown curtain swinging inward,
His room still intact
Shall never hear his laugh again,
For he isn't coming back.

I'll see his clear brown eyes
Reflecting all my love,
And I lift my eyes toward heaven
To send this prayer above.

That Spring will come again this year
Upon familiar sod,
And I can smile while knowing
That he is safe with God.

What Do You Mean—War?

By

SALLIE ROLLER

I DON'T hate the bullet that killed him. I don't hate the calloused, brown finger that pulled the trigger, nor the gleaming eye that drew the sights squarely upon him with intent to murder. I cannot find in my heart any consuming malice against the sweaty enemy uniform, or the flag under which it serves.

I don't hate the person behind that finger and that eye and that gun, because I know that under different circumstances his murderer might have been his friend. I know that if he had met that man on his college campus, or in church, in the garage, or at the corner newsstand, he would have spoken jovially, and been answered with good cheer.

But he met this fellow on the opposing sides of a battle front just as he had met and aimed at dozens of others.

I don't hate the one who took away everything good that life has ever meant. I just hate fate and the gods of war, and a Godless world that put him there. I hate the forces that make men blind to everything fair and honest and decent. I hate the consuming passion of the few who selfishly plunge the many into chaos. I hate the awful ignorance and inertia of the many who do not know what they want, but who

are too terribly self-possessed to insist upon anything at all.

I hate those around me who know the circumstances, and care not one whit. And I fervently hate myself when tragedy touches someone I know, and I pass it lightly off.

The days have brought so many conflicting passions that I have forgotten how I felt when he left—and it seems incredible that we even existed in peacetime.

It is equally unbelievable that any sort of security will ever come again. I cringe from a straightforward look at the future, when men will smile deceitfully and talk of peace in the same sentence with unconditional surrender and reparation and armament ratios.

I dislike even to think of a world exhausted and aimless, too tired to act logically and too crippled to bother with anything but getting food and going back home—home which can never be again.

The only hope I see is a mere flicker from an ember that is still smouldering. And above there is a God who waits only for people to quit killing and suffering and struggling—stop! and look for the only answer there ever can be.

I remember that, and more than anything else in all the world, I hate the hate that is within me.

College Shoppe Saturday Night

By

ROSE ORTS GONZALEZ

NICKELODIANS blaring, short skirts flying, grubby saddle shoes prancing, gay girls dancing—that's the picture of the College Shoppe on a Saturday night—or almost any night, for that matter. No one can remain long on the Mary Washington campus without being taken over and set down in one of the red and black leather-covered booths that line its walls.

The College Shoppe on Faculty Day was the scene of an amazing spectacle. Each class felt compelled to bring their respective professor to the College Shoppe for a treat; and the professors, not to be outdone, danced with their students. Jitter would be a more descriptive term, for instead of sticking to their more sedate and dignified steps, the mighty faculty really stepped out to see who could learn to jitterbug in the least time possible. Never has the College Shoppe rung with such peals of light-hearted gaiety.

But whence came the College Shoppe? It certainly didn't spring full-blown from the head of Jove or anyone else. What did the poor Mary Washington students do before the shoppe was opened?

Its earliest predecessor was a little room in the basement of Seacobeck Hall known as the "Tea Shop." It was a discreet and comparatively quiet room, with dark wood tables and chairs,

ruffled curtains, and a small nickelodian. As dates always wander to the College Shoppe, so they wandered to the Tea Shop, and there was a little line in the handbook that warned against lingering on the way over or back.

But in time this room had to be taken over for the town girls' dining-room and some other place had to take over the job of between-meal "feedings."

It was at this time that "Frank's," at the foot of the hill, became the Mecca for all hungry young ladies. Frank was friendly and made luscious sandwiches, so large numbers of the student body packed themselves into his tiny shop, sat on the high stools and munched nabs and drank cokes.

This, however, was not the ideal arrangement; it was so far down the hill, and Frank's really wasn't large enough to accommodate the entire student body. It was in the fall of 1939 that the new bookstore opened in the basement of Willard: a new bookstore with one end devoted to the noble art of feeding people. There was a soda fountain, and cases of nabs and candy. For the student in Monroe who had two-hour classes with an intermission of ten minutes, it was indeed a boon to be able to race across campus and get a candy bar to dull the fierce pangs of hunger. But as no sandwiches were served, Mary Washington students still trudged the

long hill to Frank's and back to nibble a delectable hot dog or hamburger.

In the fall of 1940 when the students returned to college, news spread like wildfire:

"Have you seen the darling shop in the basement of Chandler?" "It has red and black leather-covered seats, a huge soda fountain, a nickelodian, and you can dance, too!"

It was a great day—no time for unpacking, for everyone had to go over to the College Shoppe to see and admire. The vast new bookstore was nice, too, but not so important as the eating unit.

Each year some new fixture is added to keep up with the growing amount of business: a new refrigerator, a steam table, a new ice-cream cabinet. In 1942 a brand-new kitchen was opened in order that the variety of foods served could be increased. When food rationing is a thing of the past, the College Shoppe will really be able to turn out some super-meals.

But in the meantime, Miss Geraldine Parry, dietitian in charge, and her staff of student helpers are keeping things going. On an average day, 750 sales are made and on an unusual day, such as Faculty Day, 1,200 were rung up.

The students of Mary Washington College call oftenest for cream-cheese-

and-olive—perhaps because it is a ten-cent sandwich! Next in favor is chicken salad, and then egg salad. When a variety of ice cream flavors were available, revel held first place, with chocolate a close second, and vanilla coming in third.

The busiest hours during the week are Saturday and Sunday nights, when the Shoppe throngs with dates, hungry girls, visiting parents. On week days 10 a. m. and the lunch hour usually bring the largest crowds.

The College Shoppe fills a vital place in the life of every Mary Washington girl. Not only does it provide a place to go to get something to eat and to dance, but it serves as a meeting place for all students. And though it may serve as a disturbing factor for the classes right overhead, when someone insists on playing "A Juke Box Saturday Night" ten times in succession, it certainly provides enough enjoyment and pleasure to offset any annoyance.

In years to come when Mary Washington alumnae sit down and think back over the happy hours they spent in college, those spent in the College Shoppe will be among the gayest. They will remember the best jitterbuggers and perhaps they will come back to see what the 1953 Mary Washington student has composed in the line of fancy steps.



Whither, Fair Graduate?

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

GRADUATES OF 1943, where are you going? What will June 1st mean to you other than getting a degree? For four critical years you have lived a sheltered, complacent, and normal college life with almost intangible awareness that we are at war. When you extend your hand on June 1st to take your Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science degree, you will be accepting a new life—a new responsibility. What plans have you made for this new future?

Wake up, seniors! Just what did you say when asked where you would be and what you would be doing in September? Nearly all of you blinked your eyes, as if looking through a fog, or were you dreaming?, and said, "Who knows about the future?" But then you smiled and the seemingly pessimistic tone dispelled with, "I'd like to get married." One of you was convinced you wanted to get married, but hadn't convinced the man. Another "planned to join the Waves, but a Wave can't marry a Navy man." You who are already married know too well there is a war and will have a two-fold victory when it's over—freedom and a husband!

Unsurprisingly, since this is a teacher training college, many of you "expect to teach." Some of you acknowledged that with a facial expression like that of one who has just gulped a glass of

unsweetened lemon juice. Teachers are needed, many of them, especially now. The standards of education during war, more than any other time, are apt to be lowered. The outstanding salary, at present, of defense work and business organizations make the young college graduate's eyes glisten. Think of this for a moment—when the war is over there is a great possibility that your job will be given over to a returning soldier, but if you get a good teaching position it will be good for practically as long as you want it. This is not a sales talk for the teaching profession. When the war is over some teachers will also be eliminated, but not so many. (This is a personal opinion not based on scientific research.)

Again unsurprisingly, many of you are planning to do commercial work. Nearly all of those entering business offices of one kind or another are receiving degrees in the commercial field. (I know this is all very dull, but it's raining and my mind's in a fog somewhere in London.) These war salaries are spoiling young people. You ask if the state needs teachers why don't they make salaries half-way inviting? This is a problem which cannot be solved individually. If you can do a better job at teaching, and if you enjoy it, do it. If you can do better with office work and enjoy it, do it. Don't stop to weigh salaries. It's your patriotic duty

to fill a position which you are qualified for, one you can do well and one you enjoy.

It was very surprising to find, of all the enthusiastic chatter heard around campus, that less than 10 per cent of Mary Washington College graduates have any intention of joining any of the four women's service organizations. Of this low percentage none were definite as to joining. The indefiniteness being due to the necessary prerequisites—such as the physical examination and the passing of a severe mental examination. All those who meant to try were partial to the Waves. (Could it be those pretty uniforms?)

Of unusual interest was the finding of several girls who were seriously interested in doing Government food inspection work. A special course will be given here on campus around April

12th. It will be a four-day course taught by a woman sent here from the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Seniors who have majored in Dietetics or Home Economics are eligible. At the end of the course an examination is given, which must be passed before consideration. If a girl is accepted her title will be "Junior Marketing Aide." This course is being given all over the United States where interest is shown.

In general, the majority of graduates expect to either teach or do commercial work. (Should I say the real majority would like to get married?) Then there are about twenty girls who have hopes of doing Government food inspection work. Lastly, the small percentage who expect to join the Waves. There were a few who had no idea whatever as to what they might be doing in September.



Memorabilia

By

SUSAN TILLSON

I long to be a poet
And with a poet's hand
Be a bard of Nature—
Spread joy throughout a land.

I'd write of recollections
Of lovely things I've seen.
Yet words would need betray
The splendor of each scene.

Thou, the poet's guide,
O, Muse of inspiration,
Help me to find the means
To form an incantation.

O, give me a magic spell;
Be with my verse; and then
My tales will captivate
The hardened souls of men.

"What are these?" you ask.
"Are they dreams or Envy's tears?"
No, only simple beauties
That last through endless years.

I've been to many lands,
From which a smuggler brings
A gem like this from each—
A loveliness for kings.

Far above the sea
The sky is velvet-gray.
The murky swells replace
Waves that once seemed gay.

The boulders underfoot
Are wet with moss and slime.
High overhead rise cliffs
Too perilous to climb.

Dark rocks and darker sky
Seem dreamlike, mystic things.
The sea in heavy sleep,
With murmuring accents sings :

Of storms and tempests fierce
And great torrential rains,
Of wheat in golden waves
Covering boundless plains.

It sings the reaper's songs,
Of harvestings in Fall,
Of the dank, clean smell of earth
That fills the farmhouse hall.

Now the seductive moonlight
Drops its shallow tears
That seep through stately trees
To fall on grassy spears.

The moon weaves her magic spell
On hearts with love gone blind,
Little they know she laughs
When they their folly find.

These beauties that I see,
O, Muse, teach me to show.
Yet deep within are mem'ries
The world shall never know.

A mem'ry of a word,
A mem'ry of a name,
Their yearning makes me sad
And I've my heart to blame.

The course some secrets chart
Is cov'ted by my heart.

Ode

By

PATRICIA LEE CULLINS

Out of the depths, troubled by pain and strife,
The soul rises, rises to stand up and fight—
To fight the selfishness and greed,
Those faults that evil, grasping men breed.

Oh, soul of France, stand up for right,
Be firm and fight with all your might!
Poland, Greece, countries of culture,
Look beyond the swooping vulture!

Keep within your inmost heart
That spark of integrity—do not part
From honesty, braveness, courage, and spirit;
Faith, a belief—your enemies fear it.

Through the darkness of the coming hours,
Shines the vengeance of the Almighty Powers;
Oh countries, be steadfast and brave of soul,
And victory for all o'er the world will toll.

My Seloes

By

MARY CATHERINE BAKER

My heart said, "Play."
My head said, "Work."
We'd better use our time today,
Tomorrow we can shirk.

My heart said, "Sing."
My head said, "Sigh."
Let others sing, life's far too hard;
Let us to our task apply.

My heart said, "Give."
My head said, "Keep."
The day may come unless we care
When we may even weep.

My heart said, "Love."
My head said, "Nay."
There'll still be time for love
Ten years from today.

My heart said, "Now."
My head said, "Then."
Love will keep, and time is short,
And it may come again.

. . . You came along . . .

My heart said, "Love."
My head said, "How?"
I've learned of everything on earth,
But this is new, I trow.

My heart said, "Love."
My head said, "Love."
There is not time in heaven and earth
To love my love enough.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

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